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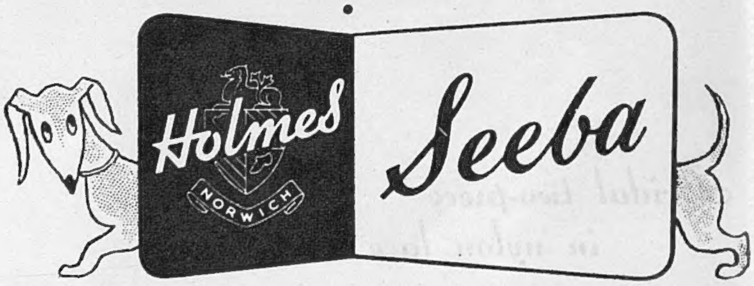

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1954.

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Photographed by Baron.

MISS MOIRA LISTER

A recent study of lovely actress Moira Lister, who has lately left the cast of *Birthday Honours* at the Criterion, as she is expecting her first child in July. Miss Lister, who made her stage début at the age of six in her native Johannesburg, as the Prince in *The Vikings of Helgeland*, has recently moved into a new home in Cadogan Square with her husband, the Vicomte Jacques d'Orthez, whom she married in 1951.

R.A.F. REUNION DINNER. Our artist "Mac"—that 's him, tearing along with his drawing-pad, between Sir George Laing and the bashful Sir William Havers—was a Royal Flying Corps man in the first World War. He was therefore thoroughly at home at the eighth reunion dinner held by R.A.F. officers of the Air Ministry, Harrogate, at Simpsons, in the Strand, on February 26th. Oldest airman present was Squadron-Leader A. M. Saywood, who was attached to the Royal Engineers in the Boer War and served in "the next two." In the chair—a special basket-type typical of the seating in early 'planes—was Air Vice-Marshal L. J. V. Bates, and "Mac" tells us the dinner was one of the most enthusiastic reunions he has ever attended.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

THE final dissolution of the Marlborough–Wyndham–Orleans Club removes yet another landmark from the London scene. The join-ups of the old Marlborough with the Wyndham and the Orleans had, of course, altered the character of the Club, which King Edward founded to enable him to get away from the then "restrictive practices"—with regard to smoking—of White's. Sir Harold Nicolson, in *Some People* (one of his earliest, but still, I think, one of his best books), gives a picture of the Marlborough as I remember it between the wars. "I looked around that ugly dining-room; at the Landseer prints presented by King Edward; at those courtly servants; at those courtly old gentlemen, with their clean linen and their pearl tie-pins."

Discussing the future of West End clubs with an older friend, he advanced the theory that there were three periods in club history—that is, after the earliest period, when the original few clubs were emerging from the coffee-house stage, and before the great nineteenth-century expansion in clubland. He divided it up as follows: the period at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of this century, when the great controversy "to smoke or not to smoke" raged which, as I say, led directly to the foundation of the Marlborough; the period between the wars—the period of admission of guests (only one club in London, I think, now still refuses them), and the provision of ladies' annexes and other amenities; and now the period of "bar or no bar." Of the major clubs, four—the Carlton, the Athenæum, Boodle's and Brook's—still stand out against having a bar, but the recent capitulation of the Turf must have shaken their secretaries.

A bar enables a very much larger number of drinks to be served in the critical periods before lunch and dinner, and it is the profit on the sale of wines and spirits which alone nowadays enables clubs to off-set the vast increase in costs due to the late Ernie Bevin's Catering Wages Act.

The trouble is that in the older-fashioned clubs without bars, the time spent in attracting the waiter's or waitress' attention ordering a drink, and its arrival, is hopelessly wasteful on a "time-motion study" basis, as opposed to leaning across a bar and asking an expert barman to serve you. In some clubs, too, such as the Carlton, the waitresses have been there since the First War, and admirable as they are, have scarcely kept abreast with the most modern techniques in, say, mixing a dry martini. (This reminds me of the Dail in Dublin, which has some splendid waitresses of uncertain age. A friend asked one of the members where they came from. His theory was that they were all despatch-riders in the Easter Rising, and had been there ever since.)

ONE "club" which has seriously gone downhill is that at Westminster. Before the last war, you would often hear a Member of any party say: "I belong to the best club in the world, old boy—the House of Commons." While it is true that membership is slightly up over pre-war, the catering has greatly declined, and the amenities are worse than ever. The habit of all-night sittings—a quite unnecessary one—has grown upon the Members without their taking the precaution of ensuring that they have adequate opportunities for slumber during the marathonic legislation which they insist on imposing on themselves. There are only some six comfortable chairs in the smoking-room, and another eighteen or so in the Library.

I must confess to feeling only a little sorry for our legislators. They could obviously solve their own problems by cutting down the volume of legislation and talk, and would thus have no need for the rise in pay which they were going to vote themselves, and which, I gather, they are not now likely to get. As it is, they go through all these sufferings—and a comedian has only got to say on the stage or on the radio: "I suppose you are a Member of Parliament," to have his audience rolling in the aisles and mopping at their eyes.

THE limerick is an art form which, like the clerihew, is peculiarly British. It has never established itself in the States or other overseas English-speaking territories, and, although I have seen French and German limericks, they have been mere exercises in ingenuity on the part of Anglicised Frenchmen and Germans. Mr. Langford Reed was rightly called "the King of the Limerick," as I suppose there was no greater authority on this form of verse. One which I remember his telling me some years ago is not, I think, generally well known, but I cherish it:

There was a young man of Dumbarton,
Whom nothing on earth could dishearten.
When his father went blind
He said, "Never mind,
There's nothing to see in Dumbarton."

The Tribulations of Tanya

By Anna Zinkeisen and Laurel Pascal

"*Tell me, handsome trainer, prithee tell me true:*
May fillies running in The Oaks put on a high-heeled shoe?"
"*Tell me, pretty Tanya—and pardon if I shout;*
Pretty, witty Tanya: Does your mother know you're out?"

LAST night I dreamt the winner of the Grand National—a horse of which I had not previously consciously heard, but which must somehow have imprinted itself on my subconscious. At all events (in my dream), I put £10 each way on it at 40 to 1. In order not to raise false hopes among my readers, I do not propose to give the name here, though I am sending it to the Editor of *The Sketch* in a sealed envelope.

I shall be something more than amused to see whether there is anything in dreams of this sort. I have been peculiarly lucky in the past with Grand National winners, having backed each way in successive years, Nickel Coin and Royal Tan, and Legal Joy and Teal. In both cases, if you remember, they were virtually the only two horses left in the field, and your columnist was observed, standing by a wireless set as the commentator announced that they were coming up to the last fence but one, saying: "I don't care which of you wins, but stop this competitive spirit. Just keep standing up." In the following issue of *The Sketch* I will let you know whether Magus O'Brien was right.

I SEE that the makers of margarine are about to indulge in a "war" against the producers of butter, claiming that their new products will deceive all but four out of ten people into thinking them butter. I am sure, whatever the new stuff is to be, it will be both wholesome and nutritious, but I feel with the late King Nebuchadnezzar, who, you will remember, "went out to grass with the patient oxen and the humble ass," but "murmured as he gnawed the verdant food, 'It may be wholesome, but it is *not* good.'"

Unfortunately, as I have pointed out before, many West End restaurants and hotels are anticipating the manufacturers' experiment by serving margarine, or a mixture of margarine and butter, in the hope that the customers will not notice it. It was a particular shock, at a well-known restaurant in Jermyn Street, to get this nasty mixture in response to the request: "Can we have some butter, please?" There is no excuse nowadays, and it makes the offence worse when the unspoken defence is, "We're sorry. We thought you were another mug like the rest." It is a bad hang-over from wartime to post-war shortages, which restaurants should, in these days of increasing competition, in their own interests correct at once. There is plenty of butter about now, so that failure to provide it is either bad management or impertinence.

THE Governor-General's Palace in Khartoum, where at one stage during the riots there was the somewhat ironical situation of General Neguib and the Egyptian delegation being besieged, along with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the British Minister of State, in one of the most attractive British (or should one now say ex-British?) buildings in tropical countries. It is cool and airy, with a wonderful view of the Nile. There seems to be some controversy as to whether it is on the exact spot where General Gordon was killed by the Dervishes, but it was certainly intended by Lord Kitchener, after the Battle of Omdurman (in which a youthful subaltern by the name of Winston Churchill took part in the last cavalry charge of modern warfare), to impress the Mahdi's defeated followers.

Unfortunately, the Treasury—or rather the two Treasuries, British and Egyptian—suffered from that occupational disease of parsimony, and would not pay for an architect to be sent out from England. This pleasant building is therefore the result of the ingenuity of a sapper subaltern, who built it with the aid of a Greek foreman, local labour and a 6d. book on the principles of architecture!

I shall always remember sitting up almost until the dawn broke over the Nile and it was time for us to catch our aircraft, with that brilliant and charming person, the late Douglas Newbould, the Chief Secretary, discussing the merits of a classical education, and listening to him outline (alas! with perfect accuracy) most of the major evils which have come upon the post-war world.

I suppose the Sudan Political was, next to the old I.C.S., the finest administrative service that the world has seen since the Romans. The Sudan Political people were as kindly as they were wise, and as strong and clear-headed as they were tolerant in inessentials. It has always seemed to me a pity that some of our Colonial Civil Servants were not of the same calibre. I was on a committee the other day, at which one such distinguished (if slightly wet) gentleman was under discussion. "He is most progressive," said one member. "Yes," said another hard-bitten ex-Proconsul, "you could say that he is even ahead of the times—in the sense that you could speak of that warm, grey, wet cloth with which a charwoman cleans a floor as being 'ahead' of her."

ON the lighter side of Colonial matters, I am delighted with our distinguished contemporaries the *Ashanti Sentinel* and the *Ashanti Pioneer*. The first has an advertisement for musical instruments headed "Hello! Ladies and Gentlemen," which, after describing "musical wares" for sale, adds charmingly: "These are indispensable by every soul and they are invariably in tune with human spirit and nature." (Tell that to the next critic of bebop!) No doubt it was instruments from this store which were used by "the famous Willben Dance Band" at the "Evening Dress Dance" at the Willben Hotel in Accra recently. Here the advance notice said that there would be "Special Competition in High Life and Calypso. First Prize: One case Castle Beer. . . . Second Prize: Best Dressed Lady." . . . And the Booby Prize?

Miss Gillian-Rosemary Joseph is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Joseph, and she is being presented by Mrs. Gerald Piers Dumas to-morrow (March 25th). Miss Joseph is studying at a dramatic school and her mother is giving a joint dance for her and Miss Petronella Lewis with Mrs. Peter Lewis at the Washington Hotel on April 23rd.

Miss Venetia Maynard is the elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Alistair Maynard, and her mother is presenting her to-morrow. Miss Maynard is now taking a secretarial course in London and Mrs. Maynard is giving a cocktail party for her on March 31st. Colonel Maynard is Director of the Council of Industrial Design in Scotland.

Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Norman Ireland-Smith. **Miss Janet Illingworth** is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Illingworth. They are sharing a joint dance which their mothers are giving for them on June 11th at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead, with Mrs. Michael O'Dwyer for her daughter, Sally O'Dwyer. Miss Ireland-Smith is being presented by her grandmother, Mrs. Hutton-Wilson, and Miss Illingworth by her mother, both at to-morrow's presentation party.

To Be Presented this Week

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—4: MICHAEL GWYNN

Michael Gwynn plays Christopher Isherwood in the current production of *I Am a Camera* at the New Theatre. For him it is still a new thing to be playing a juvenile lead at all—"Most of my acting life," he says cheerfully, "has been a succession of elderly gentlemen," and certainly those who have seen his work at the Stratford Memorial Theatre between 1948 and 1951 must think of him most as an accomplished character actor. He began his career miserably in a stockbroker's office, studying in the evenings at the London School of Dramatic Art, from which, when he graduated, he moved straight into repertory at Tonbridge. The war took six years from him. Since 1951, his West End appearances in *Happy As Larry* and *The Gift* were much-praised and short-lived. "Short-lived" is not an adjective likely to be applied to *I Am a Camera*: we may expect Michael Gwynn to be anchored as Isherwood for some time.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

A "Sketch" Photo-Call

"The Burning Glass"

CHARLES MORGAN'S new play at the Apollo Theatre has been labelled "adult"; certainly it is a play that sets an intellectual as well as an emotional problem. Christopher Terriford is the head of a Weather Research Unit. He chances upon a discovery by which the special setting of a piece of equipment designed for Weather Control will allow the operator to burn up at will any part of the earth's surface. Alternatively, the Burning Glass may be used for human comfort, as a means of warmth and mechanical power. The discovery is so fortuitous that there is no danger that it might be made by anyone else; Terriford's moral problem is not that of the atomic scientists who were working against parallel discoveries in Germany during the last war. What should he do with his knowledge? Make it generally available? Make it available to his own country only? Not make it available at all?

Photographed by Angus McBean.

1. Terriford (Michael Goodliffe) and his mother, Lady Terriford (Dorothy Green). "It would never have entered your father's head to let that knowledge die with him."

4. Mary has a photographic mind, even to being able to remember the positions of the pieces disarranged on a chessboard. As a precaution, Terriford asks her to memorise the formula for setting up the Burning Glass—a formula that he has never written down.

5. Lack returns, apparently drunk; in fact, doped. The Prime Minister has left, after Terriford has promised him the use of the glass in case of need, but has refused to divulge the setting. It is the Terrifords' last night as private citizens before security guards move in.

8. Two small patches of enemy territory have been shrivelled up by the Glass, but Terriford has not been returned. Lord Henry Strait (Basil Dignam) brings the Prime Minister a message from the President of the U.S.A., asking for the setting so as to enable the six American machines to be brought into action. But Mary, following her husband's wishes, refuses to divulge it. *Right:* Inspector Wigg (Gerald Welch) announces the presence of a strange man in the garden.

2. Tony Lack (Michael Gough) is in love with Mary, Terriford's wife (Faith Brook). Lack knows that the Burning Glass exists, but not how to operate it.

3. Lack's friend, Hardlip (Robert Speaight), a *déraciné* economist, has invited him to a party on the night when the Prime Minister is to be told of the discovery. Hardlip already knows something of it, through Lack's drunken indiscretion. *Right:* The Prime Minister (Laurence Naismith) arrives, to be greeted by his old friend, Lady Terriford.

6. "My infernal self-starter has packed up. Would you give me a turn with the handle ?" Lack has gone unsteadily to bed. Hardlip makes his withered arm the excuse for asking Terriford to come out into the garden to help him. Though he dislikes the man, Terriford cannot refuse.

7. Terriford does not return. Lack reveals that there were two other men in Hardlip's car. As the curtain falls on Act II., Mary Terriford, believing her husband to have been kidnapped, uses the code-word that will give her immediate contact with the Prime Minister—"Curtain Raiser !"

9. Terriford has returned. But when he knows that Lack and Mary have set the Glass together, he realises that Lack must now know the setting also.

10. "Isn't it possible that the whole era of power for power's sake is nearing its end ? I will do nothing to prolong it." At the end of the play, Terriford's position is unchanged.

Our Bookshelf

"REACH FOR THE SKY"

The Story of Douglas Bader, D.S.O., D.F.C. By Paul Brickhill (Collins. 16s.)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

PAUL BRICKHILL

MANY people think of Douglas Bader as a war casualty; actually he went into the war already a casualty, though he might easily murder anyone who used that description. For he lost both his legs in 1931, when another young pilot suggested he should give a demonstration beat-up of the airfield; twice he refused—"and someone grinned and made some barbed joke about being windy. He made it sound like a dare"—and Bader has never been able to resist a dare, or this would have been the biography of a demi-god instead of a pugnacious and very human hero.

The quality of resignation is also left out of his make-up; no one can say of him that he will settle down nicely in time. Yet it was probably this combative element in his character that pulled him up on the brink of death: in hospital after he crashed, he heard through an open door a woman's voice saying: "Sssh! Don't make so much noise. There 's a boy dying in there," and the words acted on him like an electric shock: "*Hell, am I!*"

We have read plenty of thrilling adventure stories, but in *Reach for the Sky* we pay tribute to the author as well as to his subject in saying that this true story of the life of Douglas Bader magnetises our attention for 370 pages as an exceptionally exciting study in character, more even than for its incredible happenings. Paul Brickhill must unite a quite unusual power to collaborate with equal powers of self-elimination; because the vivid impressions he records can only have come straight from the horse's mouth. Douglas Bader emerges as a blend of spectacular courage, essential humility, and obstreperous, not to say cocky, behaviour.

And as in his choice of a biographer (or in his biographer's choice of him) it was indeed Bader's extraordinary luck that he nearly always seemed to fall into good hands when he might have been destroyed by clumsier treatment: Dingwall, the history master at St. Edward's; Pearson, his first flying instructor; Air Vice-Marshal Halahan at Cranwell; Flight-Lieutenant Harry Day at Kenley; Sister Thornhill, of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, who took charge of him after that catastrophic crash; Leonard Joyce who operated, and Dorothy Brace who nursed him during convalescence—a long list of those with vision and a rare perception of his quality. Maybe they had a prophetic inkling that on the fifth anniversary of the greatest day of the Battle of Britain, Group-Captain Bader would organise and lead the victory fly-past over London "with twelve survivors of the battle in the van."

Meanwhile, back in 1932, this account of how he doggedly trained himself to use artificial legs without for one instant surrendering to his heavy handicap shows up one's ungrateful tendency to take for granted the constant miracle of carefree movement. Nor did his troubles end when he proved in numerous tests that he could still fly through the air with the greatest of ease:

> *Unfortunately . . . we can't pass you fit for flying because there 's nothing in King's Regulations which covers your case.*

Bureaucracy thereupon offered him a ground job. He refused it, and accepted a position with a petroleum company. The next years were hard enough, and Bader hurled himself not so much over as through the obstacles he encountered, in the same style as his car-driving which made him a menace on the roads. He got married twice to the same girl—(through thick and thin, unmistakably the right girl); once secretly at Hampstead Registry Office, after which they went straight to her family and sedately announced their engagement; and four years later, after Douglas had had a rise, officially at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington.

In October 1939, Bader had a telegram summoning him before the Selection Board at the Air Ministry, where his old commander, Air Vice-Marshal Halahan, received him with a warm "Good to see you, Douglas. What sort of a job would you like?"

On his refresher course he appeared insubordinate to the verge of what looked like lunacy, recognising on his first solo flight that to fly the 'plane upside down at a forbidden height, in his peculiar case, was not alone clearly admissible, but necessary. The chief flying instructor, however, complained coldly to the squadron leader: "Be good enough to ask him not to break *all* the flying regulations straight away."

There were some not unhumorous touches connected with his unique circumstances, as when he drew his flying kit, including a pair of handsome black flying boots:

> *"No, thanks, Corporal. You can keep these. I don't get cold feet."*
>
> *"But you 've got to have them, sir," said the corporal, puzzled.*

And again, though maybe not so screamingly funny as savagely ironic, when he was summoned to answer a charge of speeding at Stevenage. The court ignored his letter asking if they would defer the case for a few days, found him guilty and fined him £2 10s. . . . A cheque and a stiff note from Flight-Lieut. Bader regretted his inability to attend, as he had had to go to Dunkirk.

It would manifestly be an impertinence to start handing out decorations (referred to, in Bader lingo, as "chest cabbage") for his magnificent war career, or for his subsequent complete failure to recognise that a legless prisoner-of-war in Germany needed to cramp his style in any way: "Don't let 's be beastly to the Germans"—taking this recommendation in the spirit Mr. Coward meant it, Douglas Bader was uncompromisingly beastly to the Huns. "Goon-baiting," as they called it, was his favourite pastime, and only once did he relent, when he heard the welcome tidings: "Herr Ving Commander, ve haf brought back your leg," and was impressed and rather touched by the good job they had made of repairing it. His other leg was flown over from England and dropped by parachute, and from then onwards he was always attempting to escape, by knotted sheets, by tunnelling, by any means no matter how risky; and continually recaptured and whizzed off to more and more distant and impregnable fortresses; Bader's luck did not succeed in bringing him back from Germany until his release from Kolditz by the Americans during the advance following on D-Day.

From an airfield at Versailles they got his wife on the 'phone, after three-and-a-half years' separation. . . .

> *A little later Thelma said: "When am I going to see you?"*
>
> *"A few days, darling. I 'm looking for a Spitfire. I want to have a last fling before it packs up."*
>
> *"Oh, God. . . . Haven't you had enough yet?"*

No, he had not had enough yet. Nevertheless, this was no swashbuckler's gasconade: "People who know him well have never heard him brag about important things," said Paul Brickhill in, it should be noted with admiration, a wholly unsentimental summing-up. Simply, Bader was back where he belonged.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

F for Famous

Captain of the Rodential Wednesday's XI

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

THE OTHER LANDSCAPE.
By Neil M. Gunn. *(Faber and Faber, Limited; 12s. 6d.)*

THREE SINGLES TO ADVENTURE.
By Gerald Durrell. *(Rupert Hart-Davis; 15s.)*

RED INDIAN TALES.
By Jaime de Angulo. *(Wm. Heinemann Limited; 12s. 6d.)*

THE HARROWING OF HUBERTUS.
By Edgar Mittelholzer. *(Secker and Warburg; 15s.)*

A PASSAGE IN THE NIGHT.
By Sholem Asch. *(Macdonald; 15s.)*

SOMEONE AT A DISTANCE.
By Dorothy Whipple. *(John Murray; 12s. 6d.)*

GROUP CAPTAIN
AND
MRS. DOUGLAS BADER

A happy picture of Group Captain Bader and his wife, taken at a recent function in town. Dancing is one of this remarkable man's favourite recreations. He also swims, plays tennis, squash and single handicap golf, and flies his personal aircraft all over the world in the course of his work for a world-wide organisation. G. B. Stern reviews Paul Brickhill's book about the now-fabulous Bader on the opposite page.

Our Social Diary

ONE of the gayest dances recently given was that for the Eridge and West Kent Hunts, which was held at Somerhill, the home of Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid. Sir Henry is a Deputy-Lieutenant and High Sheriff of Kent, and his family have lived at Somerhill since the middle of the nineteenth century. The house, which is early seventeenth-century, was beautifully floodlit for the dance, and the magnificent library, nearly 90 ft. long, was turned into a ballroom for the evening.

Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid entertained forty people to dinner before the dance. In the dining-room, the walls of which are hung with very fine Mortlake tapestries, round tables each seating six or eight people had been placed, and we dined by candlelight from tall silver candelabra. Later in the evening I learned that not only the delicious dinner, but all the cold buffet for the dance as well as the wonderful supper of kedgeree and bacon and eggs in the early hours of the morning were the work of the chef of the house.

Lady Goldsmid, one of the most attractive personalities that I know, herself had arranged the beautiful floral decorations—white and crimson camellias, orchids, lilies, stocks and azaleas enhanced the beauty of each room, whilst the balustrade of the main staircase was adorned with trailing leaves of gold and silver. These had been painted by Sarah and Chloe Goldsmid, the two charming young daughters of the house. They were both allowed to sit up for dinner, Sarah wearing a dress of sapphire blue velvet and Chloe in cherry organza.

Among the guests for dinner were Lord Plunket, the Hon. Clare Beckett, Mr. David Metcalfe, Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor, who looked extremely pretty in pale blue chiffon, and Lady Jeanne Campbell, who brought a party of friends down from London. Also Mr. John Foster, Q.C., the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, Lord and Lady Vaughan, who had come over from West Malling, and the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy, who had motored all the way from Newbury. Others were Mrs. Diana Bleaker, who looked most attractive in a dress of tiny black and white checked organza with a very full skirt, and her daughter, Miss Diana Plunkett, who looked sweet in a short white evening dress banded with black lace, Sir Robert and Lady Renwick and Mr. James Liddell-Simpson.

Soon after dinner had ended, people started arriving for the dance, and amongst these were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cazalet, who brought Lord and Lady John Hope, and Sir Anthony and Lady Tichborne, the Earl and Countess of Lewes, the latter wearing a full-skirted black lace dress over palest pink, Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill, and Lord and Lady Roderick Pratt. Mr. and Mrs. William Agar brought a party which included the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile, and Mr. Bryan Synge and his wife, who looked quite lovely in a white tulle dress with a fichu collar. Lord Foley, who is a wonderful pianist, more than once relieved Tim Clayton from his "duties" with the band, and others I saw enjoying this very excellent dance were Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dennis, and Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones.

Royal Festival Hall Concert

THE rather austere atmosphere of the Royal Festival Hall was immeasurably brightened when Princess Margaret attended the concert held there in aid of the National Fund for Polio Research. H.R.H., who looked radiant in an oyster satin brocade dress with a swathed bodice and full skirt, was accompanied by her extra lady-in-waiting, Mrs. John Lowther, Mr. Ian and Lady Caroline Gilmour, Lord Porchester, and Mr. Robin and Lady Rosemary Muir.

The Princess was received on arrival by Mr. T. E. Bean, general manager of the Hall. Afterwards, the Earl of Westmorland, as chairman of the Concert Committee, presented various members, including the Countess of Westmorland, who looked lovely in a dress of white satin, Mr. Duncan Guthrie, Director of the Fund, Mrs. Edward Sieff, and Mrs. Franz Osborn, whose husband was the soloist in the Beethoven Piano Concerto included in the programme. Mrs. Osborn and Lord and Lady Westmorland then joined the Royal party, and Mr. Franz Osborn was presented to H.R.H. during the interval.

Amongst the audience I noticed H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who was wearing a dress of pink and grey striped organza and was sitting in the stalls with Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Lord and Lady Hillingdon and Princess Galitzine. Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight were in a box with Lord and Lady George Scott, as were Lord and Lady Cullen of Ashbourne, the latter in a lovely dress of gold tulle. Miss Marie-Louise Hennessy was one of the young girls selling programmes and looked most attractive in a red lace dress, and I also saw Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, and Miss April Brunner, one of the prettiest of this year's débutantes, with her mother Mrs. Patrick Brunner, and Lady St. John of Bletso.

CONCERT FOR NATIONAL FUND FOR POLIO RESEARCH. Princess Margaret receiving a bouquet from Patricia Benson when Her Royal Highness attended the concert at the Festival Hall, watched by Lady Westmorland.

GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP. The Queen Mother at Sandown presenting the Cup to Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Blacker, who won the race on his own horse, *Pointsman.*

Embassy Farewell Party

THE Argentine Ambassador gave a farewell cocktail party for the British Film Delegation attending the International Film Festival at Mar del Plato, a seaside resort about twenty miles from Buenos Aires. It is the first time that a delegation from this country has attended the Festival. In addition to these fortunate members, many well-known personalities from the stage and screen came to the party, which was held at the Embassy, one of the most beautiful houses in Belgrave Square.

After being welcomed by His Excellency, I joined the guests, among whom I saw Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, and Mr. Ivan and Lady Elizabeth Foxwell. I also saw Miss Cicely Courtneidge, Mr. Trevor Howard and Miss Elizabeth Allan, and I met Vicomte D'Orthez with his charming wife, Miss Moira Lister, a recent portrait of whom is our frontispiece in this issue.

Portuguese Embassy Reception

SO many people went to the reception held by H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador that it took several minutes to get up the staircase of the Embassy and into the fine double-reception-room where His Excellency received the guests. With him were his two daughters, Mlle. Maria Magdalena and Mlle. Clara, who were acting as hostesses because of the illness of their mother, Mme. Pereira, in Portugal. They were responsible for the charming and unusual floral decorations, which included bunches of grapes with spring flowers.

I could only stay a short while at this very enjoyable party, as I was going to the Gala Performance at Covent Garden that same evening, as were several of the

SADLER'S WELLS BENEVOLENT FUND. The Hon. Caroline Cust, daughter of Lord Brownlow, at the Gala Performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

POINT-TO-POINT. Lieut.-Col. A. W. A. Smith riding *Sandstorm III.* in the Saddle Club Race at the Leicestershire Yeomanry and Household Brigade Point-to-Point.

INDONESIAN EMBASSY PORTRAIT. H.E. the Indonesian Ambassador and Mme. Subandrio with their son, Budojo. The family is shortly leaving London for Moscow.

guests, including H.E. the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli. Among other people at the reception were H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, H.E. the Chilean Ambassador, and Mme. Subandrio, who looked charming in a pink jacket with a bottle-green skirt. Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Mr. R. A. Butler, Viscountess Swinton, Sir Thomas and Lady White, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Crosse, and the Earl and Countess of Selkirk were also there.

Opera House Gala

THE QUEEN MOTHER and Princess Margaret attended the Gala Performance at Covent Garden for the Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund. It was a brilliant evening and the audience gave a great ovation to the Queen Mother when, with Princess Margaret, she stepped into the Royal Box. Her Majesty wore a diamond tiara, necklace and ear-rings with her dress of aquamarine tulle, and H.R.H. was in a white dress with tiers of lace embroidered with sequins. The Royal party included the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady John Hope, and Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter. A wonderful programme included the third act from *Coppelia*, *Daphnis and Chloe*, and *Homage to the Queen*. I enjoyed most of all *Daphnis and Chloe*. I am a passionate admirer of Margot Fonteyn, and her dancing in this particular ballet seemed to reach new heights in skilled grace and beauty. I also thought the décor and costumes by Oliver Messel in *Homage to the Queen* were the best he has ever done. Amongst the audience were Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Head, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, and the Hon. Caroline Cust with her fiancé, Mr. John Partridge. I also saw Lady Sarah Savile, Mr. John Millar with his mother, Mrs. J. B. Millar, and Lord Carnegie.

Unofficial Ambassador

ONE day recently I met Sir Harry Brittain, who has just returned from America, where he has been on a lengthy tour of "goodwill." Since he is the possessor of the utmost charm, sense of humour and a wonderful appreciation of the true values of life, the success of this tour was a foregone conclusion. In addition, Sir Harry's long association, since its foundation, with the Pilgrims' Club (of which he is Vice-President), as well as his founding of the American Officers' Club in the First World War, have been a close link between him and the people of America. He is also Senior Governor of Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, the ancestral home of the Washingtons. Whilst in Washington Sir Harry stayed with Sir Roger and Lady Makins, who gave a party in his honour, at which there were 250 guests. Mrs. Kefauver, wife of Senator Kefauver, also entertained Sir Harry at a luncheon-party that included twelve other Senators. During his very extensive journey of more than 9000 miles in the States, he motored 2500 miles through the Rocky Mountains, and also enjoyed three weeks in California as the guest of Admiral and Mrs. Glassford; Sir Harry told me that he bathed each day in their wonderful swimming-pool, which was several degrees warmer than the sea. This journey completed his fifty-ninth crossing of the Atlantic.

Pierre Dumont Paintings

A GREAT many people came to the evening reception held at the Redfern Gallery for a preview of the paintings by Pierre Dumont, whose remaining years of life were so tragically spent in a mental home. After his death in 1936, the works of this remarkable post-impressionist artist were little known, and Mr. Rex Nankivell is to be congratulated on the completion of many years' painstaking work in presenting the collection now exhibited. Pierre Dumont was born at Rouen, and many of his finest paintings are of the cathedral there, from which he drew great inspiration as a young man. I myself liked most of all a flower painting, *Mimosa et Verdure dans un Pot* and *Le Jardin de Monet en Normandie*.

Amongst the people I saw that evening were Major-General Michael West and his wife, Count and Countess Raben, Lord Faringdon, Mr. Nicholas Phipps and Mr. John Barrow. Well-known personalities from the stage included Mr. and Mrs. John Clements, Mr. Emlyn Williams and Miss Margaretta Scott. Later Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier, the latter looking very lovely in a grey lace dress, arrived with Mr. and Mrs. John Mills.

For Friends of Greece

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent will be present at a song recital at the Chelsea Town Hall on April 7th in aid of the British Friendship to Greece Society. Tickets can be obtained from Dr. Beryl Hastings, 16, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10.

Helena

There is a correction to make to a page of our issue of March 10th, on which we reproduced a number of Mrs. Forestier-Walker's charming paintings of "People and Flowers." Underneath the portrait of Victoria Davson we described her mother, Lady Davson, as a "Q.C.," and Lady Davson has asked us to make it clear that she is, as she says, "a very junior barrister." Indeed, she is herself probably better known as an artist, whose chief interest is also in the painting of flowers.

WASHINGTON. The Secretary of the State of Washington, Earl Coe (*right*), with Sir Harry Brittain. In the background is a portrait of George Washington. This photograph was taken in the Secretary's office at Olympia, Washington, U.S.A. (See "Unofficial Ambassador.")

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Getting About a Bit

I Am a Camera

(*New*)

I HOPE that no one will regard this as merely an evening out for Miss Dorothy Tutin. True, her part is vital. She is Sally, an English girl in Berlin just before the Nazi sunrise: a reckless, amoral little hedonist who downs "prairie oysters" for breakfast, who will do anything for excitement's sake, who likes to be thought of as a tigress burning bright, and who remains at heart as much of a kitten as one in the nursery picture on her wall. We see her, in Berlin, through the eyes of an English writer with whom she strikes up a brief partnership. Christopher Isherwood created Sally Bowles, and here he is, as both participant and recorder—a pleasant device—in the play that John van Druten has adapted from his stories. As Isherwood says, he resembles a camera with the shutter open; all he has to do is to remain passive, to record what he sees.

So we get a set of pictures of Sally during a few months of her life. We can only guess at her past—we do meet a relentlessly snobbish mother—and certainly we have no idea of her future except that it will be murky: Sally will not change much. It is a complex part, this momentary *revenante* from 1930. Miss Tutin is a zestful actress; she can keep a party going, and we like the little wretch, though I feel, too often, that when she leaves the stage she goes into the wings, and not into the hall and out to the streets of Berlin. We know that she has consciously to act the part. We think of her as Dorothy Tutin first, Sally Bowles second. She manages to hide the strain; the problem seems to have been solved without fuss . . . and yet we cannot help being aware of a network of calculations in the margin.

I do not want to crab an uncommonly good try by a talented actress. But I suggest that the evening belongs equally to Michael Gwynn as Isherwood. As he plays it, this is much more than a "Charles-his-friend" part. With his gentle, rueful charm Gwynn coaxes the man to life. He is a young actor whose gift for presenting old men has deceived many playgoers; those who have seen him in various parts away from his long Shakespearean run at Stratford-upon-Avon, know what a range he has and have prophesied confidently that once the West End has found the right part for him, it will not let him go. This is the right part. There are several other accurate performances—Renée Goddard's precise young German Jewess is truthful and queerly moving—and John van Druten, as his own producer, can get the best from his team. I have left it late to thank Mr. van Druten for a beautifully-composed play, one that seals itself upon our minds without being tiresomely self-confident. It is, in short, a civilised night at the theatre. And I suppose that, while we are recalling it, we should not forget Christopher Isherwood himself. After all, he was the Begetter.

Now that we have welcomed van Druten back, I hope we can soon have another of his plays, *The Druid Circle*. If it is as moving to act as it is to read, it should be a theatrical occasion.

Othello

(*Stratford-upon-Avon*)

IT ought to be a wonderful experience in the theatre to hear the full roll, the surging, of the *Othello* music. We heard it when Godfrey Tearle was the Stratford Othello, and I have known it at other performances in the theatre's less fashionable years. Very simply, the present revival fails because so little of the music remains. We get a melodrama about the jealousy of the Moorish husband of a white woman. The great Shakespearean rhythms come through too rarely. Anthony Quayle, recognised as a splendid Iago, has now been tempted—like so many actors before him—to play Othello, which is not his part. He looks well and no doubt feels the passions of the man: he cannot yet communicate them. His speaking in the earlier scenes is tight-lipped, spasmodic. It is not until he prepares to strangle Desdemona that Mr. Quayle suddenly (and, for a few minutes, excitingly) finds the note; and this is late indeed.

A DÉBUT WITH THE STARS.
Lovely Greek singer Kitza Kazacos, already known to radio and T.V. audiences here, had a brilliant setting for her stage début in this country: she was the only "newcomer" in the gala charity show, *Midnight Cavalcade*, at the Palladium last week.

Desdemona is Barbara Jefford. She looks like a Titian, but she under-speaks the part. For the rest, while observing the skill of William Devlin, wasted on Brabantio; a few moments when Joan MacArthur gets a certain pathos from Emilia's hopeless love for Iago; and a good straight Cassio by Tony Britton, there is far too little to say. Raymond Westwell is a rough-and-ready Iago. His approach reminds me of haphazard "swaling" on Dartmoor. Gorse bushes are lit here and there; after a momentary crackle-and-smoke all fizzles out. I fear that this is one of Stratford's unlucky nights.

I Capture the Castle

(*Aldwych*)

THE evening belongs to an actress. She is Virginia McKenna; and she plays a schoolgirl called Cassandra Mortmain, who lives in a castle in Suffolk—or as nearly in one as makes no matter. The place is grafted on to the ruins of Godsend Castle, which was built (says the dramatist in a businesslike way) during 1332. There Cassandra has sundry whims-and-whams. At one point, garlanded with flowers, she is ready to observe her own midsummer rites. Instead—and maybe this is worse—she sits on a window-seat with a rich American while a mist wavers up from the moat, and Debussy floats in from the radio set of a car outside. For all this, Cassandra can be a real enough adolescent; Virginia McKenna shines through the part. She has the directness of youth; mercifully, she does not fuss.

It may be unfair to say too much about the pervading whimsy, and about a plot, singularly pallid, that reminds me of yesterday's rice mould. Dodie Smith, writing her family play in terms of the 1930's—and taking care to set the play in that period—can still find the right brand of line and amuse her audiences with a knowing bit of domesticity. But she has adapted the play from her novel. It is formless. Personally, I was sustained by Virginia McKenna, and by George Relph as the highbrow writer who apparently suffers the tortures of the damned before he can get his quite unintelligible words upon paper. We have been grateful to Dodie Smith in the past: I am sorry that here, after a good opening, my patience should have become frayed.

Blood Wedding

(*Arts Theatre Club*)

First Edition

(*New Watergate*)

NO, no, please! *Blood Wedding* is, I feel, a bad translation of Lorca's exceedingly tough play in which throats are as easy to cut as dahlias in the garden, and blood hisses deliberately between the fingers. The Arts company, under Peter Hall, bravely danced its *cachucha, fandango, bolero*. From a night of blood and matrimony, harsh sun, menacing moon, and determined symbolism, I remember the acting of Lionel Jeffries, as an Andalusian peasant whose lines are written ably and are as ably spoken; and of Rosalind Boxall, who has technique enough for anything: she must now have, in compensation, a really good part.

I mention *First Edition* here because, after the determined gloom of *Blood Wedding*, it is pleasant to think of Nicholas Parsons as he explains to us just how we laugh in the theatre. (After hearing his imitations I may never laugh again.) Beryl Reid, quite obviously, has been sketched on the Watergate stage by Ronald Searle. Her schoolgirl Monica is one of the special pleasures of a mildly witty revue that sharpens its points quickly and remains well-mannered.

Tragedy at Cyprus

Veronica Haigh made these two drawings (in crayon on brown paper) of the production of *Othello* with which the Stratford Memorial Theatre Company opened their 1954 season last week. This is essentially the same production as that which the Company toured in Australia and New Zealand last winter, with Anthony Quayle as the Moor and Barbara Jefford as Desdemona.

"Please Forward" : by Joyce Dennys.

Charles bowed low before them.

A Rout at the Grange

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Having bought one of the most beautiful houses in the West Country, Thirza and Gregory Hopkinson, the new people at The Grange, appear to spend most of their time whizzing round the world in Comets. Occasionally, late on Friday evenings, a fleet of large, silent motor-cars glides through the Street and disappears inside the gates, only to glide away again early on Monday morning; and though, of course, we 'd all been to call, giving our calling-cards a rub over with breadcrumbs to freshen them up a bit after years of disuse, we never saw our new neighbours, and we 'd begun to think we never would, when we all got invitations to a Rout at the Grange.

You can imagine, my dear Robert, how excited we were. Faith came rushing round directly after breakfast, waving her invitation in the air. "At last, at last!" she cried. "Now I can buy a new frock!"

"Naturally Faith will have a new frock," said Lady B., who had just come in, looking pale but calm. "I, personally, am going to get my Diamonds out of the Bank."

We gazed at her in awe. "You look like Napoleon before Waterloo," whispered Faith.

"Wellington," said Lady B.

Of course, we were all anxious to do ourselves credit at the Rout. Even Mrs. Whinebite consulted Faith about what she should wear. "It 's one of those ghastly garments she 's so fond of which looks like the dining-room curtains," Faith told Lady B. and me afterwards. "Beads, too."

"That doesn't matter," said Lady B. "The important thing is that we should all look like the sort of people we are—only more so."

"Mrs. Simpkins says she 's going to have her hair permanently waved, so she won't look in the least like the sort of person she is."

"We must stop that," said Lady B. firmly.

"Darling Lady B.", I said, "how can I look like myself only more so?"

"We 'll have to think of something," said Lady B. rather vaguely.

I felt a bit dim as I clambered into my only long frock, which isn't a bad little number in its way, but has been in circulation too long.

"Charles, how do I look?"

"Very nice, dear," said Charles, without so much as a glance in my direction.

It had been arranged that everybody should meet at our house before the Rout so that Charles could give each of us one of his strong cocktails, thus inspiring confidence and *sang-froid*. When I got downstairs Mrs. Admiral, in maroon velvet and Limerick lace, and the Admiral were already there. I thought, as I looked at them, what a pity it was we didn't dress up more often.

"Lot of damned nonsense," said the Admiral, who is always cross when he has to put on a stiff shirt.

A strong smell of moth-balls heralded the arrival of Colonel and Mrs. Simpkins, the latter in grey lace and the former agonised.

"Henrietta, my trousers are too tight."

"Henrietta, Lady B. wouldn't let me have a perm. I 'm so dreadfully disappointed."

With a loud jangling of beads Mrs. Whinebite swept into the room. She, at any rate, had succeeded in looking like herself, only more so.

Lady B. and Faith arrived together, the one so regal and the other so lovely I could only say, "Oh!" while Charles bowed low before them. Lady B. pressed a little leather case into my hands. Inside was a pair of elegant diamond and emerald ear-rings, and a little note which said: "To make Henrietta look like herself only more so."

"Oh, Lady B., suppose I lose them?"

"You must keep shaking your head, Henrietta, and then you 'll know they 're still there."

Charles' drinks were beginning to circulate—outwardly and inwardly.

"If *only* I 'd been allowed to have a perm!"

"What is a Rout, exactly?"

"Reefer cigarettes and absinthe, I should think."

"Oh, dear!" said little Mrs. Simpkins.

"More likely something terribly highbrow, like an Elizabethan Masque."

"Good heavens!" said Colonel Simpkins.

"Bridge by any other name would play as sweet."

"Oh, *dear*!"

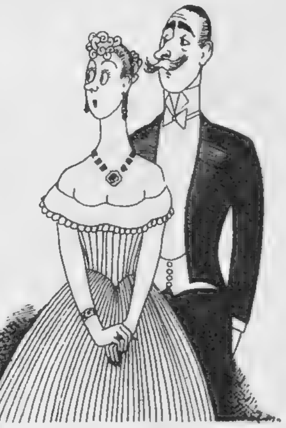
"Cheer up, Henrietta. You can always look at the Family Photograph Album."

"My trousers are much too tight. I shall have a seizure before the night is out."

"Undo the top button, Colonel, and pull down your weskit."

Then Mrs. Savernack arrived and we all fell silent, for she had pinned a false bun to her Eton crop and looked very unlike herself indeed. However, it was too late to do anything about it, so we all clambered into cars and set out for The Grange.

* * *



Thirza and Gregory Hopkinson.

"Doctor and Mrs. Browne!" boomed the Episcopalian butler, and as I tottered beside Charles across a wide expanse of parquet I couldn't help thinking how undignified it would be if I were to fall flat on my face.

Thirza and Gregory Hopkinson stood side by side under an enormous chandelier. I lost my head and said: "We 've all been having drinks to give us courage."

Our Hostess' hand was very cold. "So have we," she said.

The Rout, which turned out to be not any particular sort of party—just a party, was the best we 'd been to for years, with delicious food, and champagne corks popping away like machine-guns. I began by faring rather badly until it was explained to our hosts that when I shook my head I wasn't refusing food or drink but just making sure I hadn't lost an ear-ring.

After supper we all gathered round the piano and sang the old songs, like you and I used to do when we were young, Robert.

Soon after midnight Colonel Simpkins said, "I wish to sing, unaccompanied, a song about Stig-Picking in India."

We were all a bit dismayed, but it turned out to be a very good song with a very good tune which the Conductor picked up on the piano in no time, and soon we were all singing the chorus at the tops of our voices—

Over the mountain, over the level,
Through the dark jungle we 'll ride
like the devil,
There 's a nullah in front, and a
grey boar too,
Sit down in your saddles and ride
like blue.

During the last chorus Mrs. Savernack's bun fell off, and Colonel Simpkins' button gave way under the strain and went whizzing across the room.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

"Through the dark jungle we 'll ride like the devil."

YOUNG WOMAN. (Oil on canvas. A portrait of Dorelia ; c. 1904.)
Lent by the National Museum of Wales

The Augustus John Exhibition at the Royal Academy

Until June 27th, the Royal Academy is holding an exhibition at Burlington House of the work of Augustus John. Sketches and paintings have been loaned by private collectors and by galleries from all over Great Britain and from Eire. On this page and the two following, we have tried by selection to give some impression of the richness and variety of the 460 works on show. The Diploma Gallery at Burlington House contains them all—the portraits by which he is perhaps most widely known to the general public, the sketches of his family, the pictures from his wanderings in Wales and Provence, the series of flower paintings, even the pictures of negresses which he brought back from Jamaica. The exhibition promises to prove one of the most popular staged by the Royal Academy in recent years.

The works on this and succeeding pages are reproduced by the kind permission of the Royal Academy of Arts.

(Continued overleaf)

CASPAR AND PYRAMUS. (Oil on panel. Painted at Alderton, Suffolk ; c. 1912.)
Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Harris.

PEONIES. (Oil on canvas.)
Lent by Mrs. Hugh Neame.

VINCENT SUMMERS. (Oil on canvas.)
Lent by Gerald Summers, Esq.

THE BOYS. (Oil on panel.)
Lent by Kerrison Preston, Esq.

CURIOUS ENCOUNTER. (Pen and wash.)
Lent by Mrs. Valentine Fleming.

The Augustus John Exhibition at th

THE BATHERS. (Black chalk.)
Lent by Dr. S. C. Lewsen.

LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL. (Oil on canvas ; 1926.)
Lent by Mrs. Igor Vinogradoff.

THE MARCHESA CASATI. (Oil on canvas ; 1919.)
Lent by the Hon. Mrs. George Marten.

THE PINK DRESS. (Oil on panel ; c. 1911.)
Lent by Sir Philip and Lady Nichols.

he Royal Academy (continued)

Timothy Allison (*at the extreme left*), Miss Camilla Grinling, Miss Annrobin Banks, Miss Jennifer Renwick, Mr. Tom Parr and Miss Greta Watson.

Miss Belinda Crossley and Miss Jennifer Renwick.

Back to the "'Thirties"

Armstrong Jones, the photographer, gave a birthday party at his studio earlier this month. Since he was born in 1930, he asked his guests to wear what they had worn at his christening; this posed a problem for those younger than himself, but most of them solved it by just turning up in 'thirties costumes. The studio was decorated like the outside of a French café, with a striped awning, little round tables and slatted park seats; a false roof was covered with vines, from which hung bunches of grapes. The last guests left at 4 a.m.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

The host wore a baby's frock.

Miss Sally Churchill, the Hon. Miss Clarissa Chaplin and Mr. Anthony Tennant.

Mr. Timothy Allison, Miss Annrobin Banks, Mr. Armstrong Jones, and his real Nannie, Miss L. Gunner.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

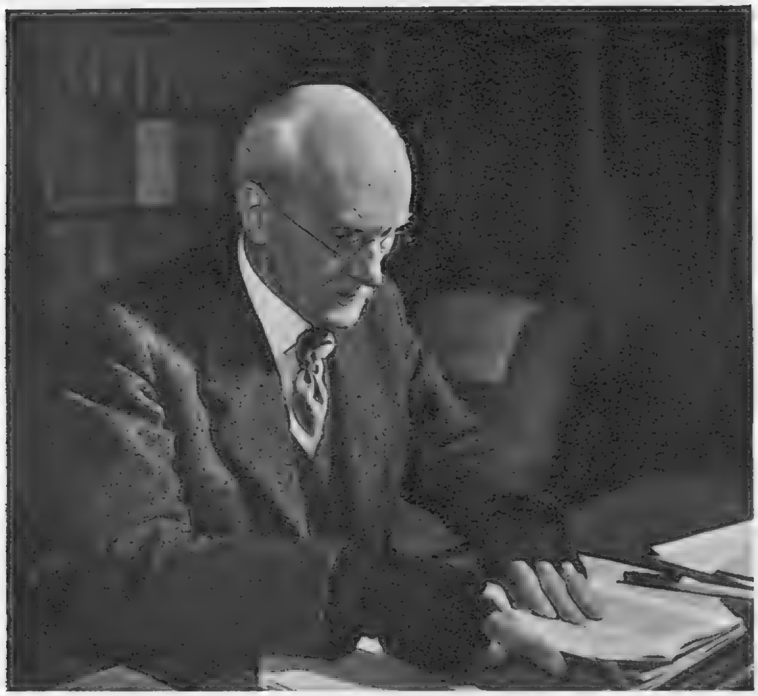
Diplomatic Hostesses: Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich

One of the most gracious of the diplomatic hostesses in London is the charming wife of the American Ambassador, Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich. A frequent visitor to England in the past, Mrs. Aldrich is delighted with her husband's appointment to a country for which she has a great affection, and since their arrival a year ago has travelled widely with him in the British Isles, loving every moment of it. A keen golfer, she speaks highly of the golf courses in this country, and just can't say enough in favour of our theatre. What does she like best about England? Her answer was simple: "Why—the *people*!"

Strictly Biographical: 5.

By Louis T. Stanley

Gilbert Murray, O.M.



THE reference books tell me that Gilbert Murray is in his eighty-ninth year, and though the thing is *prima facie* incredible, I am nevertheless compelled to give credence to the assertion. We are all exposed to birthdays. In that sense Murray has crossed the threshold of old age crowned with the Order of Merit, a distinction which he honours as much as it honours him.

Visiting his Oxford home at Boar's Hill was in the nature of a pilgrimage. Re-entering the lounge, with its severe furniture and glimpse of Cotswold country through the windows, was like spanning an interval of ten years. It must be that time since last I was in that room. Then there were more guests than I thought it could accommodate and more talk in the air than I expected even so many to produce. The atmospherics were terrific. Conversation was like a wild game of pool in which everybody was playing his or her stroke at the same time. One girl tried to send a remark into the top corner farthest from her, where at the same moment another player was attempting a close-up shot at his own end. Half-a-dozen discussions were taking place simultaneously. To get full enjoyment out of these surroundings I remember finding it necessary to acquire the knack of carrying on at least two conversations at once while lending an ear to a few others.

Gilbert Murray was the quiet host. Reticent on any subject about which he had not already made up his mind, he was extremely reserved when it also touched him personally. He loved above all things the comfort of spontaneous communications; and that comfort is, as everybody knows, most easily obtained by keeping to the surface in talk. Murray is a modest man, a shy man in his way, a scholar to whom the esoteric approach to Greek feeling and thought has been revealed, and one of the most graceful men I have known.

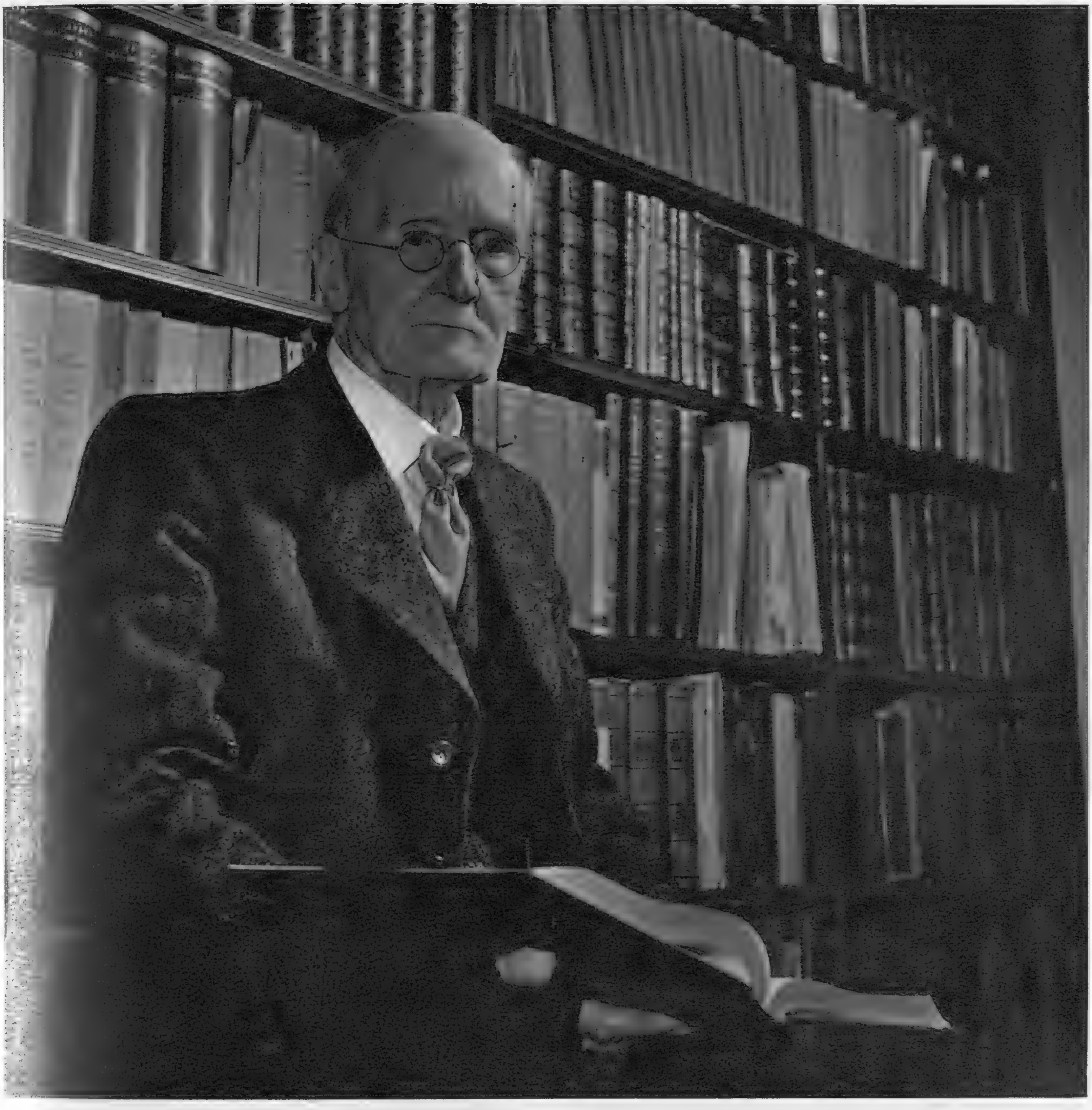
IT is always difficult to convey to others the personality of an individual. Very often it is hard to know what feature to isolate. For instance, we seldom realise how vital, yet how incommunicable, an element in any individual is the quality of voice. How regrettable it is that those who have known the outstanding figures of the past have failed to realise that almost a third part of any individuality is bound up with the tone or inflection of their speaking voices. Even Boswell, who sketched a vivid physical pen-portrait of his companion, failed to hand down to future generations a convincing sound-picture of the way he spoke. We know that Dr. Johnson thundered and wheezed and panted. We know that Napoleon spoke in a low voice, and that only when roused by anger did the Corsican accent assert itself. We know that the voice of Shelley was shrill and that of Byron soft. We know that the resonant tones of Tennyson's voice were blended with the broad vowels of the Lincolnshire wolds. We know that Gladstone's tones were deep and rounded, whilst Bismarck could only summon the accents of a child. Yet, only when we compare these fragmentary allusions with the effect made upon us by such voices as Churchill, Roosevelt, Smuts or Attlee can we realise that posterity, through the media of gramophone and the recording-van, will inherit a far more complete sense of the personality of the great than has been accorded to ourselves.

When the time comes to live in the pleasant season of reveries, I shall remember Gilbert Murray, not by his frail figure or noble head, but by the quiet cadence of his voice . . . a voice in which is mingled the grace of the scholar and the delicacy of a man of taste. I once listened to him over a period of several months as we deliberated in a House of Commons committee-room. Gently emphatic and softly resolute, his voice epitomised the keynote of his philosophy. In the sphere of international politics, Murray has been an influential figure in the effort to banish war and to establish a rational control of the social economy and the working of its ethical machine. Throughout it all Murray's gentle voice has concealed a strength that nothing could defeat. His philosophy explains it. "Sophrosynê," he says, "however we try to translate it, temperance, gentleness, the spirit that in any trouble thinks and is patient, that saves and not destroys, is the right spirit."

THIS quality was present on my last visit to Boar's Hill, first in conversation and then in a surprise form. He asked if I minded the wireless being turned on. An unexpected request until across the room came the sound of his own voice. It was one of the series of talks that Gilbert Murray is giving under the general heading—*I Remember* . . . and had been recorded in the room where we sat. In the same way that the Emperor Aurelius began his book of *Meditations* with a list of people who had special influence on him and taught him how to live, so Murray spoke of colleagues and people whose influence in various ways had given shape to his life.

It was interesting to listen to opinions on the radio and then hear amplified personal comments immediately afterwards. There were glimpses of Murray's association with Cambridge. His stay with Professor A. W. Verrall, at that time the leading Euripides scholar in England, in a house full of courtesy, hospitality and wit. His talks with Mrs. Verrall about psychical research, in which she was an expert critic. His meeting with Jane Harrison, in whose magnificent *Prologomena to Greek Religion* and its sequel, *Themis*, he co-operated. His friendship with Bertrand Russell, Cornford, afterwards Professor of Ancient Philosophy, George Trevelyan, A. B. Cook, and brilliant young people like Rupert Brooke. He recalled a rehearsal of Milton's *Comus* in which Cornford was the evil enchanter and Rupert Brooke a most spirit-like spirit. He related an endearing experience when, unable to make Professor Chadwick, the Professor of Anglo-Saxon, aware

Specially photographed for "THE



of their presence because of a broken door-bell at the garden gate, he was shown by Bertha Phillpotts, the Icelandic scholar and Mistress of Girton, how to enter the house by climbing through a small window into a boot hole.

Murray relived his experiences with the theatre. He was a student of modern French plays, from Victor Hugo onwards, and was greatly stirred by Ibsen, who was just beginning to be recognised in England through William Archer's translations. He became interested in the verse translations of one or two plays of Euripides. Archer arranged with a private theatrical society to present *Hippolytus* at the Lyric Theatre for four nights, with Edith Olive for Phædra, Brydon for Theseus, and Granville Barker for the Messenger. It was a *succès de curiosité*. On the fourth night a queue stretched a long way down Shaftesbury Avenue. He described some beautiful performances of the Euripides plays given by Barker, Lewis Casson and one or two of the Phædras. Murray recalled suggesting to G. B. Shaw that he should write a sequel to *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which Catharine, when married to Petruchio, should completely twist him round her finger by allowing him, from time to time, to give exhibitions of her ostentatious obedience. He described how Shaw replied that it was impossible as he was already doing a play called *Murray's Mother-in-Law*. The play was *Major Barbara*, in which Gilbert Murray and his wife were portrayed or caricatured.

THERE is no doubt that Gilbert Murray has made the Greek theatre an integral part of the English theatre. The rhythmic flow of his verse translations, by their very simplicity and vigour, lift these dramatists out of the ancient world into the modern. His work, with its unswerving aim, its faith in the greatness of the civilisation which serves as a commentary on his own activities, links that classical past to the Greece of to-day, and to the entire human society of the future. Gilbert Murray has interpreted the essence of the genius of Greece.

SKETCH" by Harold White.

Jane Russell

A hair-style 's not important—let 's be frank—
For the girl who 's got a million in the bank.

Barbara Drake

The " carefree cut " is good enough for her—
The blonde that men allegedly " prefer."

So this is The French Line?

R.K.O.'s new Technicolor production, *The French Line*, will be premièred in the West End soon. Starring Jane Russell, with Gilbert Roland and Arthur Hunnicut, it is a lighthearted musical on the lavish scale, with unusually good colour. For the men—it 's a long time since we 've seen so many beautiful girls in one film (see these two pages !). For the women—the wonderful clothes will send you away convinced you Haven't Got a Thing to Wear. The story—like most Hollywood stories—is not unduly complicated. Mary Carson (Jane Russell) is a Texan millionairess whose land is bursting at the seams with oil wells. (" Another day, another million bucks," says she, with an air of resignation.) She wants to be Loved for Herself Alone. The good, reliable Hollywood script-writers don't let her down : they provide her with a man who can't afford to pay his own income tax but, naturally, hasn't any interest in her multi-millions. We thoroughly enjoyed it—laughed till we cried !

Suzanne Ames

" Her crowning glory " used to be the cry—
So " crown " the new coiffure that 's swept up high.

Mary Rodman

*" All blondes are dumb." How did that story grow ?
On " figures " there 's not much she doesn't know !*

Katherine Cassidy

*The Outdoor Girl won't wear the latest craze :
The " windswept look " is fine for sporting days.*

Anne Ford

*Is this the " urchin cut " that caused the fuss ?
That " gamine look " looks good enough to us !*

Jean Moorehead

*It used to mean " Your hair will look a mess,"
But here the " poodle cut " goes to the dress !*

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

Why Commercial T.V. May Fail

METHINKS I hear the pitter-patter of cold feet in the realm of commercial television!

Recently, over a modest glass of gin, I discussed this whole thorny problem with one of the biggest men in commercial radio, who has been operating very successfully for many years.

"As far as I am concerned, you can keep commercial television," he said. "It's too expensive and it's going to take far too long to get any returns, for my taste."

Then he proceeded to give me his reasons. With the cost of transmitters around the half-million mark each, it would take something like £5,000,000 to establish a comprehensive network all over the country. Anything less would be a waste of time. And as you can't set up a television network overnight, that capital would be tied up for nearly six years.

"Even then you would not be sure of an audience. For only those who are prepared to spend between £10 and £15 on converting their sets to the new wavelength would be able to receive your programme. Mind you, if the B.B.C. were to go ahead with their second programme and sell me their peak hours, I would be interested. They would have to be the peak hours, because the advertisers would not sink a great deal of programme money in any others. But what I would really like is a chain of low-power *sound* stations all over the country. I'd willingly give the B.B.C. half my revenue—it wouldn't be chicken-feed—and they could use it to help pay for their television and play with it to their heart's content."

That, coming from a very shrewd and successful operator, makes you think a bit. Personally, I shall hesitate a lot before spending money on the conversion of my set. At the moment it is costing me quite enough in merely maintaining it. During the past ten months or so it has been indulging in an irritating *va et vient* between my home and the repair shop. Am I unlucky or is this happening to others?

YET another maddening defect has prevented me from seeing more than two of the last period's major programmes; and such as I did see proved not too gladdening.

Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure apparently gave Jack Hulbert an opportunity to fulfil a long-standing ambition to play the name-part. His performance certainly was delightful and beautifully polished. But to me, Walter Hackett's play was artificial and contrived, and though it was produced in "period," the period was not remote enough to prevent an old-fashioned creak. But the production by Leonard Brett was nice and smooth, so the overall result was pleasant enough.

But I cannot congratulate Campbell Logan—a producer with a fine record—on his handling of *Beau Brummell*, by Anatole de Grunwald. The script itself was first-rate and full of wonderful opportunities for showing the leisured grace and red-blooded aristocracy which was the social life of a bygone England. I was saddened to see those opportunities fall by the wayside, due to clumsy production and indifferent playing. Now, I am a great admirer of Peter Cushing's acting, but never for a moment was he the Brummell of my choice. Daphne Slater, as Georgiana, the object of the Beau's one experiment in altruism, fared a little better and on the ascending scale there was a near-convincing Prince Regent from Walter Fitzgerald, a personable and romantic Lord Chester from David Peel and a deliciously dithering middle-class matron from Helena Pickard.

Far more impressive, with ordinary men and women playing what, pray God, will never be real-life parts, was *Operation Waterside*. This was an outside broadcast of a Civil Defence demonstration, showing what action would be taken if ever there were an atomic attack on London's dockland. We who sit at ease should feel humble gratitude to the far-seeing men and women who give up their leisure to train themselves in minimising the appalling casualty list that would ensue from such an attack. Most of all, I would like to congratulate the "victims," who gave such a poignant picture of the human misery which is caused by war.

THE coming fortnight presents a pleasantly mixed bag.

There is the modern-dress *Carmen*, to-morrow night and March 29th.

Two thrillers: *Sorry, Wrong Number* on March 27th and the new Val Gielgud serial, *Gravelhanger*, which begins on March 31st and implements the new policy of screening the serials on Wednesday nights. Gravelhanger is the name given to a large Tudor mansion, "with a wealth of old oak," "situate" in the heart of East Anglia. Here anything may go on, and the hero and heroine soon find that it certainly does.

For less violent tastes there is the old Victorian classic *Caste*, by T. W. Robertson, which inaugurated the naturalistic technique in the theatre. When it was first done in 1867 the audience was stunned to see *real doors*—with workable doorknobs—*and windows* on the stage. The plot, of course, revolves round the "kind hearts are more than coronets" theme. This is on March 28th and April 1st.

A week later, on April 4th and 8th, you can see a more recent classic—with a Cinderella *motif*—*Jeannie*, by Aimée Stuart. In the first year of the war this play helped to establish two stars: Barbara Mullen and Eric Portman. You will be able to see them in this revival.

Lastly, on April 1st, you can see a new ballet by Kenneth Macmillan called *Nightmare*, to the music of Stan Kenton. This—I believe I am right in saying—is the first public offering of the Choreographic Group which Dame Ninette de Valois is encouraging within the Sadler's Wells Organisation. This ballet has already been done before a "closed circuit" of friends and relations, as have several others presented by the Group, which is designed to give an opportunity to youngsters who have choreographic ambitions.

RICHARD DIMBLEBY.

SONIA DRESDEL.

ANNA POLLAK.

VAL GIELGUD.

T.V. PERSONALITIES: RICHARD DIMBLEBY, one of Television's sheet-anchors, needs no introduction on this page. He is soon to leave these shores for Malta, from which base he will "cover" the final phases of the Royal Tour for sound broadcasting. SONIA DRESDEL returns to television on March 27th when she plays the lead in *Sorry, Wrong Number*, by Lucille Fletcher. The play is described as "a study in fear." ANNA POLLAK, one of the star singers of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company, will be playing the name-part in George Foa's television production of *Carmen*, Bizet's famous opera, which is being screened on March 25th and 29th. In this version, Merimée's story is told in a modern setting. VAL GIELGUD, one-time head of Television Drama as well as Sound Drama, is the author of *Gravelhanger*, the first of the Wednesday night serials. It is a strong plot of swift action, sudden violence, involving some very sinister characters indeed.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"... AND THIS ONE'S MY SISTER BEFORE SHE TOOK UP DRESS DESIGNING."

Whose Footsteps Tread Those Hallowed Places Now?

An Intolerable Deal of Sack

MUCH BROWN ALE WAS CONSUMED IN SEARCH OF THE SITE OF THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN

Boar's Head Inn, The, *celebrated in connection with Falstaff (Shakespeare's "Henry IV."), was in Eastcheap, where the statue of William IV. now stands. The inn was in existence until* 1831. *It is the subject of a paper in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." One of the best of Goldsmith's essays is his "Reverie in the Boar's Head Tavern at Eastcheap."*

So much for the *Oxford Companion To English Literature*, compiled and edited by Sir Paul Harvey.

LIKE an inquisitive rabbit, I emerged from below ground at the Monument Station, and cast about for King William's statue. I could not find it. Eastcheap is not a long street. It has office buildings, pubs, a tobacconist's shop, restaurants, both cheap and expensive, traffic lights, a policeman—all, I suppose, that a reasonable man might reasonably expect, but it has no statue of King William IV.

So I asked a policeman whether he could direct me to the site of the *Boar's Head.* He was a kind man, obliging and wanting to help, but, unlike an earlier policeman in this series, he had little interest in the past. He pointed to an hotel over the road, and, with a pleasant faith in the superiority of uniform to mufti, suggested that I should ask the commissionaire.

But I had seen a sign on a public house, *The Falstaff*, and here, it seemed to me, where Sir John's successors amongst the knights of Eastcheap no doubt carouse with Pistol (wearing handlebar moustaches) and wave to Bardolph in the Public Bar—here the spirit of the *Boar's Head Tavern* would be kept, if not green, at least a warming amber, and *everyone* would know, I thought, and maybe take me to the site in roistering procession. Perhaps, indeed, the pub stood on the same ground. Perhaps I should be able to quaff sack at the same bar. Perhaps they would allow me to pour a libation on the sanded floor to the ghosts of that inebriate company.

Downstairs at *The Falstaff*, I discovered, chefs in white hats slice ham for City gents, and girls in black pour beer. I did not see Doll Tearsheet anywhere; the atmosphere, though friendly, was respectable.

I went up to the bar. "Sack, please, dear," I wanted to say, but somehow "brown ale" came out. And while the young lady was getting it, and I was paying for it and beginning to drink it, I asked about the *Boar's Head.*

The young lady's name was Lilian Henwood. She had never heard of the *Boar's Head.* Already I began to feel a little silly. "It's where Falstaff used to drink," I explained, "and all that."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Henwood. "Well, hold on a minute and I'll try to find out for you."

Her first inquiry was to a red-faced gentleman in the corner of the bar. "I know it really," he said, "I know I do. I've seen it somewhere, but I can't remember where."

Another man asked sarcastically whether he was going to get a drink before closing time. "It's not till three o'clock, so you've two hours yet," said Miss Henwood, pouring him a beer; and "Don't worry, dear (to me), Mr. Collins 'll know."

But Mr. Collins didn't, so I had another

Photo.: John Vickers.

TAVERN SCENE: At the *Boar's Head*, Doll Tearsheet, that bewitching slut, holds the key to Sir John's heart. (Sir Ralph Richardson and Joyce Redman in the Old Vic production of *Henry IV.*, Part II, in 1945-46.)

brown ale and we cast about again. While I went to the buffet, Miss Henwood, who had generously made my cause her own, promised to continue her enquiry at the bar.

I MUNCHED my way through a fish-cake, and listened (because I could not help hearing and because it was interesting) to the conversation of the City gents beside me. They were talking of a famous actor. "Oh, yes, I know him well." one said. "He's quite a good chap—for an actor. Plays golf, and that sort of thing."

Here Miss Henwood appeared suddenly at my elbow. "It's the *Bodega* just up the road," she said. "That's where it was."

The *Bodega* was as full as *The Falstaff* with men in black hats and a solitary soldier in the corner. I asked for a brown ale, and then for the *Boar's Head Tavern.*

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the lady behind the bar. She pointed to a draught Guinness in a raincoat. "Ask him. He knows most of the pubs around here."

I said: "It was pulled down in 1831."

"Well, of course, he was only a little lad then," said the lady behind the bar. So I had another brown ale and she went off to ask again.

She returned with definite information. Someone was found who remembered that the William IV. statue used to stand at the top of the street, in front of what is now an office building. "Used to be a pub there," said the man who came with her. "I remember now. But you've got it wrong, old boy. Not *The Boar*: it was *The Bear—The White Bear.* Easy to get confused, isn't it?"

"THAT'S right," said the lift-man at the office building. "Used to be a pub. The statue was in the middle of the street. Why don't you ask the old lady outside? She knows more than I do about this place."

The old lady had been selling papers in that spot long before the offices were built. "Two pubs, there used to be," she told me. "*White Bear* and *Brown Bear.* One here and one across the road."

I asked her about the *Boar's Head.*

"Oh, the *Boar's Head*," she said. "Well, that's been pulled down, you know. That was up Cannon Street, that was. Where *The London Stone* is now."

I thanked her, resisted the temptation to ask for a brown ale, and went to *The London Stone*, where there is no plaque or anything commemorating the *Boar's Head*, and nobody knows anything about it. But Cannon Street Station is opposite *The London Stone*, and so, like a tired and tipsy rabbit, I plunged underground and came home.

BACK in the office, I telephoned the City of London Library. "Can you tell me," I asked, "where the *Boar's Head Tavern* was in Eastcheap? If the City put up a plaque, I can't find it." The man in the Library said, "Wait a minute. There's a book about it. I'll find out."

He did not keep me waiting long. "Well," he said, "there appears to be some doubt about the site."

"I know," I said, "I know," and replaced the receiver gently on its hook.

JOHN BOWEN.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

MRS. ESTA HENRY : Who brought a breath of Scottish obstinacy to a Cairo auction.

Left : Mrs. Henry, who owns an antique shop in Edinburgh, went to an auction of ex-King Farouk's collection in Cairo, and asked the auctioneer from Sotheby's to speak in English instead of Arabic. "English was good enough for Shakespeare," she said. "It should be good enough for these people."

Right : June is a magician, who was once bitten by a white rabbit. Hey presto! she decided to substitute mice for rabbits in her act, and produces them from places far more interesting than a top-hat. (Rabbits would not only look pretty silly where you see those mice, but probably couldn't hold on for long enough.) You can't see the mice without binoculars, but, let's face it, you're going to use them anyway.

Left : Mrs. Barham's son, Bernard, collects laddered nylons in Canada to send to his mum, who, in less than half-an-hour, turns them into the kind of flowers you see her wearing in the picture.

Left, Below : Philip is two years old, and weighs in at 2½ stone, but he can already ride and groom a horse. His mother and his father (Fred Payne, the jockey) are beginning early to train him for the family tradition.

Below : Jimmy is an Airman First Class, and a first-class airman to boot—and to button, to badge, and to new blue uniform as well. His smartness has won him a Continental honeymoon for himself and his English bride. Long life to a cordial *entente* !

MRS. EDITH BARHAM : For making the best of a bad nylon.

PHILIP PAYNE : For making an early start to his career as a jockey.

JIMMY LESTRANGE : For being the smartest Aleck at Burtonwood base.

JUNE McCOOMBE : Who grows two white mice where one rabbit grew before.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Concerning the Guilty Parties

An Inspector Calls
(*Gaumont*)

HOW delightful it is to come across a film such as *An Inspector Calls*, which pays us the compliment of assuming that we have brains of our own and intend to use them!

Rarely, I think, has J. B. Priestley shown himself a more consummate craftsman than he does here. *An Inspector Calls* seems at first sight a very simple piece of work; an exercise in detection, practically a whodunnit, set in one of those Yorkshire family groups that he knows so well. But just as we are beginning to think of it as a fairly conventional Priestley play, a nice easy one for amateurs, with a small cast and a single set, the lively mind begins to be assailed by doubts. *Is* it as simple as it seemed? Does it really speak with one voice or with several voices? On one level of thought or on many levels? Before long, we realise that its search for truth, the truth of human motive and character, has taken us into some very strange byways indeed. And, as Alfred Lord Tennyson made his Merlin rather meanly prevaricate, "Truth is this to me and that to thee, And truth, or clothed or naked, let it be." Mr. Priestley's deceptively plain whodunnit turns out to be a remarkably subtler piece of metaphysical argument, playing shrewd tricks with time, and leading to a magnificently managed conclusion.

There is nothing, at the beginning of the film, which keeps closely enough to the pattern of the play, to suggest that the Birling family is likely to have dealings with the supernatural. Father Birling (Arthur Young) is a prosperous, self-made Yorkshire manufacturer, who has risen to be Mayor of his town in the years just before the First World War, and seems all set for a knighthood. His wife (Olga Lindo) is a snob; his son (Bryan Forbes) a weakling with an increasing fondness for the bottle; his daughter (Eileen Moore) a nice, spoilt, silly girl with nothing much in her pretty head except a natural desire to have life comfortable.

On the evening the story opens, the daughter has just got engaged to a personable young man (Brian Worth), who is a distinct cut above her, socially. Everyone is delighted over this alliance of class and brass, and the family celebrations are going swimmingly, until suddenly an inspector calls.

The Inspector (Alastair Sim) brings news of a young woman who has just died in the local infirmary, after swallowing a dose of disinfectant. It is his painful duty, it seems, to ask questions of anyone who might have known this Eva Smith. He carries her photograph in his pocket. At this point the shrewd observer in the audience will sit up in the *loges* and take notice; for the Inspector is very careful to show the photograph to one member of the party at a time. At the moment this act is camouflaged as smoothly as the movement of an expert conjuror palming or forcing a card. Every member of the party recognises the woman in the photograph, and forced by the Inspector's questions to realise that he or she may have been in some way responsible for her suicide. What interests Mr. Priestley more than these acceptances of guilt are the various reactions to the fact of guilt. According to his idea the younger generation is prepared to face the consequences of its acts; the older to learn nothing from them if it can. To the astuteness of the audience is left the thought that the tragic Eva Smith may not have been a real girl at all, but any one of a number of girls; since no two persons at a time have seen her photograph.

The stories of the family's individual acts of malice or thoughtlessness towards some girl are told in a series of flashbacks, and the film differs from the play in that the same victim is shown in every episode.

THE INSPECTOR CALLS: Alastair Sim, the small black-coated cloud who breaks up the contentment of a family dinner. In the foreground are (*left*) Bryan Forbes as Eric, Arthur Young as Mr. Birling, and Brian Worth as Gerald, his prospective son-in-law.

This makes for a certain loss of subtlety, but Jane Wenham's charming playing of the part (an appealing mixture of diffidence and spirit) atones for much. Alastair Sim plays the Inspector with the easy confidence of an original, who is accustomed to travel between here and the Otherwhere, in the rush hour, every day. A remarkable film, which gives you a lot to take home and think about; with a finish that most modern dramatists would give their ears to have written.

Other New Films

BANG! YOU'RE DEAD (Gaumont).—The other half of the Gaumont bill is an odd, rather pinched-looking British film about a small boy who lives in a squatters' settlement of abandoned U.S. Army huts, finds a loaded gun which seems to him identical with his own toy gun, holds up a passing cyclist for his watch, and shoots him dead. This unfortunate incident is passed over with a certain amount of mild but unexceptionable preaching about parents' responsibilities and social injustice. Jack Warner, Derek Farr and Michael Medwin are the chief grown-ups in this cautionary tale, and a small boy called Anthony Richmond puts all he knows into the performance of the perplexed infant. With slightly more sophisticated treatment, *Bang! You're Dead* might have been a springer into the highbrow success class of a film like *The Window*. As it is, it leaves me with the impression that the manslaughter of an expendable cyclist is not a thing to shed many tears over.

As it's only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

THE SAGA OF ANATAHAN (Rialto) is an oddity of a very different kind; a Japanese film, based on an episode of recent history, written, directed and photographed in a Japanese studio by Joseph von Sternberg. Described as "A Postscript to the Pacific Conflict," it recalls the lamentable affair of a party of Japanese seamen, who were wrecked on an island in the Pacific in 1944, and stayed there for seven years, defending the place against an invisible enemy, quite unaware that the war was over. The point of the story, from a certain angle of view, is that there was an attractive young woman on the island, who seems to have relieved the hours not occupied by the seamen in drinking fermented coconut juice, up to a mortality rate not on the whole incommensurate with general satisfaction. I find *Anatahan* a little shocking myself; and doubtless the whole business was distinctly shocking. Akemi Negishi, the young dancer discovered by director von Sternberg to play his island Circe, is attractive in any language, and one can understand exactly what she means without the help of words.

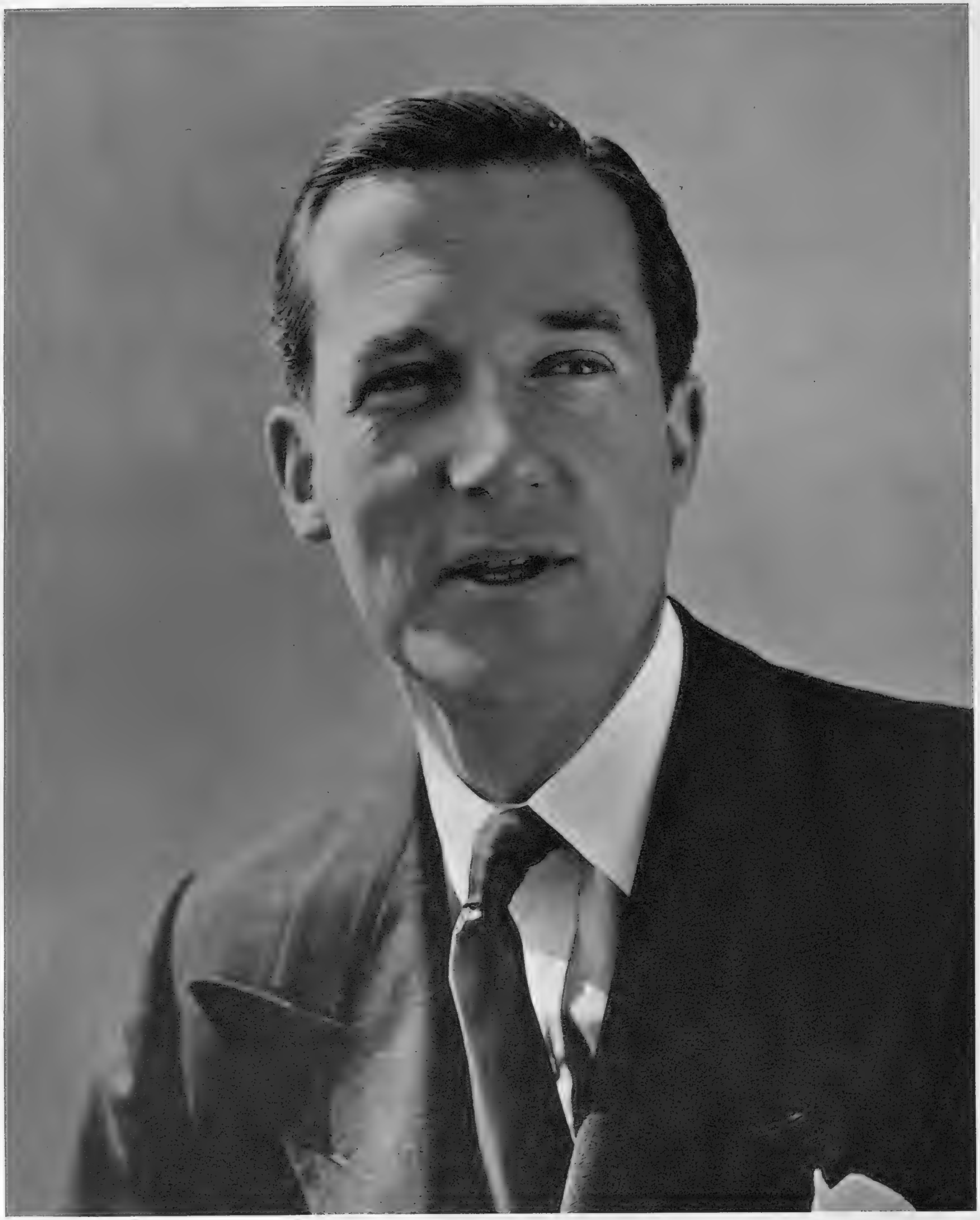
LOVERS AT MIDNIGHT (Studio One) is a Cinderella story with a sad ending, about a drab little messenger girl in a Paris dress-shop, who becomes queen of the world for a Christmas week-end, thanks to a Prince Charming who would have been the perfect lover, if only his bank notes had not turned out to be hot ones. Very nicely played by Jean Marais and the delightful Dany Robin, with a haunting theme-tune.

THE GOOD DIE YOUNG (Odeon, Leicester Square) is an almost unrelieved chunk of gloom about four unemployed and embittered young men who set out to rob a post-office van on a nasty wet autumn night in London, and one by one get their come-uppance. We are asked to believe that three of the gangsters, played by Hollywood's Richard Basehart and John Ireland, and our Stanley Baker, are naturally nice chaps who have been led off the straight and narrow by the hardships of life and the blandishments of their leader, a plausible young charmer suavely and competently played by England's new film hope, Laurence Harvey. Personally, I found the argument quite unconvincing and thought the whole picture distasteful and a little bit *off*, if you know what I mean.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

ANGEL FROM DOWN UNDER

Beautiful blonde Diane Cilento, the twenty-one-year-old Australian actress who recently signed a contract with Sir Alexander Korda, will shortly be seen in the Group Three production of *The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp*, in which she has her first leading film rôle. There is no tradition of theatre in the Cilento family: her father, Sir Raphael, is an expert on tropical diseases, and her mother, sister and brothers are all doctors. Miss Cilento is kept busy with her part in *The Big Knife*, which transfers from the Duke of York's to the Westminster Theatre on March 29th, and with preparations for future films—but not so busy that she doesn't miss that big happy family 10,000 miles away.



HARDY AMIES TURNS AUTHOR

In his *Just So Far*, published this week by Collins at 15s., Hardy Amies tells the story of his life in the world of fashion. He describes his early struggles and mistakes and tells of the start of his own dress-making house in an historic but badly-bombed building in Savile Row. With the understanding born of experience and enthusiasm, he takes his readers from the familiar fashion *salon* into the creative atmosphere of the workroom. Fashion is in Hardy Amies' blood—his mother was a *vendeuse* in a Court dress-making establishment before World War I. To-day, his high place in the fashion hierarchy is assured : he was one of the designers commanded to make dresses for the Queen's Royal Tour wardrobe.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Fashion News from Paris

Youth calls the tune in Paris fashions at the moment, and the news from there is very much for the young, if not in body, then in heart. Princess dresses ; sailor suits with large collars ; enormous schoolgirl ties ; boaters ; tam-o'-shanters ; lots of white ; masses of floating, fairy fabrics ; pretty, flowery prints ; and colour—colour from the seaside and magic, tropical islands, giving an unbelievable feeling of gaiety. This youthful, princess dress by *Hubert de Givenchy,* in white Sudan cotton, alphabet-embroidered, corset-laced, indicates the mood.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

One of the printed dresses, so popular in Paris. *Schiaparelli* shows a young dress in brightly patterned silk, with an unusual back, and the tiniest suggestion of a bustle.

A charming afternoon dress in one of the rose-printed silks of the season. By *Germaine LeComte*, the blue-and-white silk is fluidly and becomingly draped.

Balenciaga tailors cotton piqué with an amusing black print, into a slim, sleeveless summer dress, with a squared and slashed neckline and a black satin sash.

A softly-moulded princess dress, with a forward movement to the skirt. By *Balmain*, whose line is always gently feminine, in steel-grey fine wool, spotted with pink. The small hat sports a goose's feather.

White satin is used for a delicious cocktail dress in the now-accepted princess line, with piped seams and tiny sleeves. By *Lanvin-Castillo*, it is worn with red gloves and shoes.

from Paris

White is used again, this time by *Christian Dior*, for an enchantingly feminine dress in crisp Sudan cotton, strewn with Swiss embroidered lazy daisies. This youthful and deceptively simple-looking dress has a boat neckline, cap sleeves and a pale mauve taffeta sash.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

An ideal country suit, classic and comfortably casual, and at a price that will not be a burden to the tightest budget. The jacket, tailored, with set-in sleeves, has broad revers and cuffed pockets. The straight skirt has four inverted pleats at the hem. Well cut in soft, Scottish tweed, in various muted shades, by Windsmoor, it costs £10 7s. 6d., from Harrods' Budget Shop. Incidentally, this department is one of the first to stock reasonably priced and extremely attractive copies of models shown in the Paris Spring Collections.

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MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Morris Minor

IT was recently my pleasure to renew acquaintance with the Morris Minor in the four-door saloon version, and I must say it deserves the reputation it is earning. Its ability to corner quickly with stability and to put up very respectable high average speeds are unusual in one of what used to be called the baby cars.

The engine is now the overhead valve unit, product of the British Motor Corporation. Its verve and the power it provides result in really good acceleration. Combined with the easily handled four-speed gear-box, this unit gives a very satisfying performance. And petrol consumption is working out between 36 and 40 miles to the gallon, according to your style of driving. There is a useful top speed of about 64 m.p.h. One can cruise along at over the 50 mark with ease and comfort, which is surely good enough for anybody.

The interior finish is well up to standard, and the room is quite surprising. Driving position is good, too, with the controls very well placed. I think the makers might spare another copper or two to fit a better horn: the present one is very much of the pip-squeak variety. Apart from the indignity of the thing, it is inadequate for passing other vehicles, which the car is so admirably capable of doing.

I don't know what the B.M.C. plans are for this little car, but I don't see that they need bother about making any changes for a long time to come.

* * * * *

Winking Indicators

There is, I gather, a good deal of bother about the new winking-light traffic indicators. Since they have become legal in this country, manufacturers are fitting them to home delivery models. It seems only sense to standardise with the requirements of Overseas markets. But not enough people in this country seem to have any idea of what they mean. And that means car drivers, as well as pedestrians, cyclists, and the rest.

One hears of drivers having unpleasant experiences because other drivers ignore their winkers and proceed to overtake just as the winking car is about to turn right. Small boys shout out, "Your lights is on, Mister." All very disconcerting. This will probably result in some sort of campaign against the new indicators, however absurd that would be. After all, they have been in common use overseas for a long time. And I fail to see why we should not get accustomed to them here.

An Enlightened Decision

Would you believe that a town councillor would say this: "We are trying to get the parking places as near to the High Street as we can so that people need not go far to do their shopping." That is from Councillor Midwinter, of Cheltenham. As Vice-Chairman of the Highways Committee, he has presented on behalf of that Committee a new scheme for the parking of cars near the centre of the town. In the speech he made in Council, and from the other remarks made at the meeting, it is evident that the lovely town of Cheltenham is trying to do its best for motorists. The new scheme has, as Councillor Midwinter said, made provision for thousands of cars. Now, is not that a model, to be copied by others? Congratulations to these enlightened men who don't consider that cars are a nuisance.

Cotton Guide!

A recent discussion on the question of women drivers and their skill (or lack of it) reminded me of an unpleasant 'phone conversation I had some years ago. I was then engaged in the repair of cars. A lady, whose car we had repaired, rang up and proceeded to accuse me of wrecking her car, and, what was more, of damaging her garage doors into the bargain.

The facts of the case were that, during our repair work, we had removed the steering wheel. Round the rim there were, at a certain spot, a few turns of white cotton. We replaced the wheel in a different position relative to the wheels, there being to our knowledge no reason to take any pains to do otherwise. The good lady, on her return home, had adopted her usual method of reversing into her garage. This entailed swinging across the road and getting nose-on to the opposite kerb. Then, getting the white cotton to the top, she would reverse into her garage without looking. Of course, this time the white cotton meant nothing and she charged the doors on half lock.

I do not suggest that any lady would drive like that now. Perhaps that was the very start of the "women drivers" joke. I don't know. But there seems to be no foundation for any view that they are any worse than men, unless it is that, like the little girl, when they are bad, they are 'orrid.

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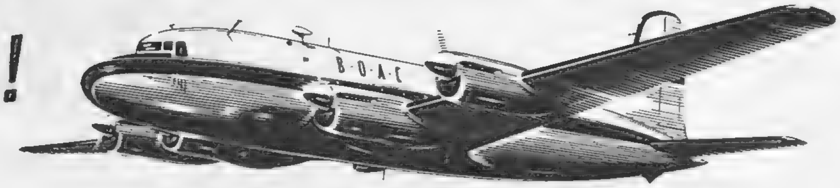

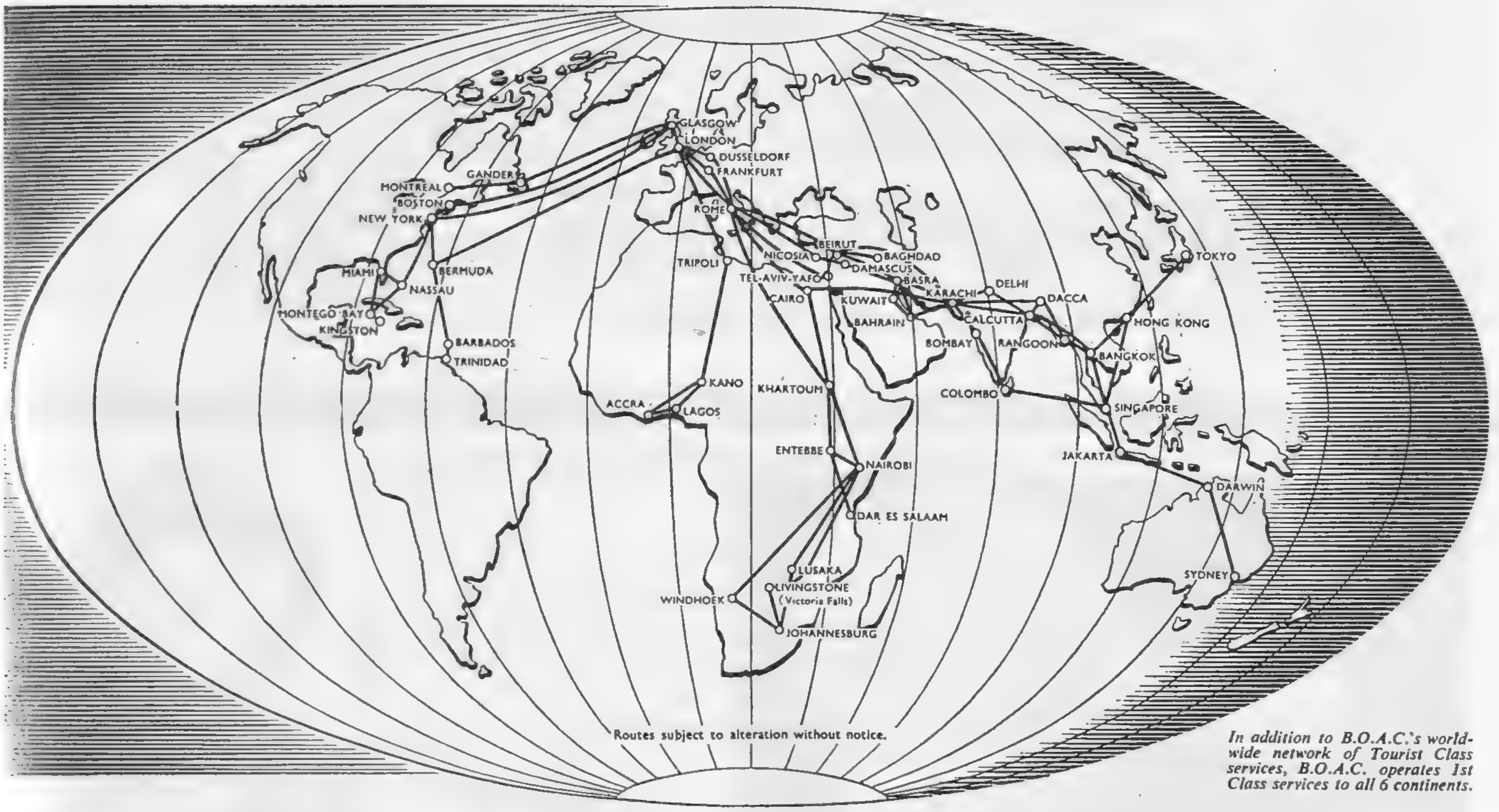

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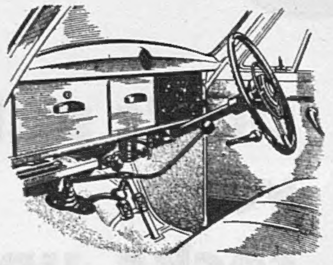

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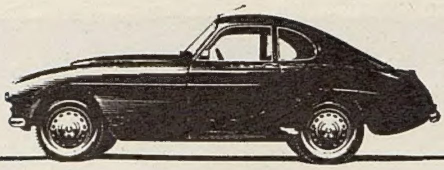

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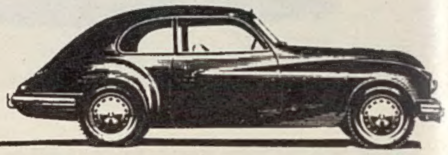

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